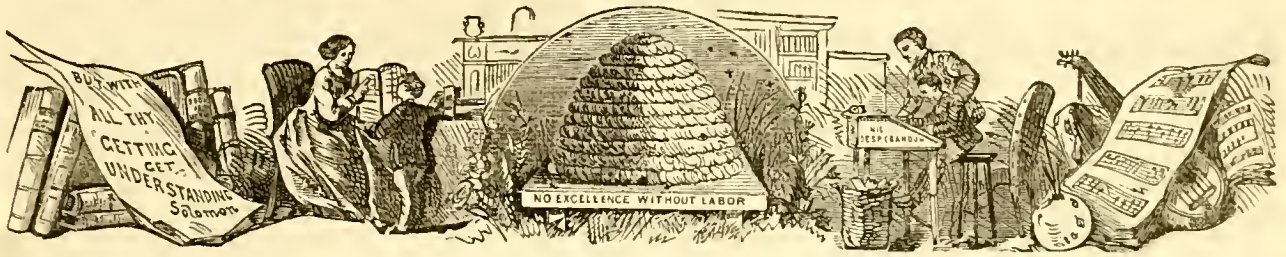


Holiness to the Lord!

The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 6.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1871.

NO. 13.

RELEASE OF DEBTORS.

THE law of God through Moses is very strict about lending and borrowing. The children of Israel were commanded not to take interest for their money when they loaned it to any of their brethren. In the 22nd Chapter of Exodus, 25th verse, it says:

"If thou lend money to any of my people that is poor by thee, thou shalt not be to him as a usurer, neither shalt thou lay upon him any usury."

They were never to forget the love that they should have to their own brethren. In Leviticus, the 25th Chapter, 35th verse, it says:

"And if thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay with thee, then thou shalt relieve him; yea, though he be a stranger, or a sojourner; that he may live with thee. Take thou no usury of him, or increase; but fear thy God; that thy brother may live with thee. Thou shalt not give him thy money upon usury, nor lend him thy victuals for increase."

These are righteous laws, and if observed by the people, would be of great benefit to them.

The land which was given to the children of Israel as their inheritance, could not be sold for debt. The Lord says in the 25th Chapter of Leviticus, 23rd verse:

"The land shall not be sold forever; for the land is mine."

It could only be sold or seized for debt until the year of Jubilee. Every fiftieth year was a year of Jubilee. If a man were sold to his brother because of his poverty, he could only remain in servitude until the year of Jubilee; and even then he could not be compelled to serve as a bondservant; but as a hired servant and as a sojourner he should be to his brother. The Lord said they were his servants which he brought forth out of the land of Egypt, and they should not be sold as bondmen. He further said:

"Thou shalt not rule over him with rigor, but shalt fear thy God."

Among the Greeks a creditor had the right to sell the debtor

as a slave; this sale was for life, and the children of such persons became slaves also. In Rome the debtor was to be taken by the creditor to his own house to be dealt with in the most cruel manner for sixty days, after which he could be sold into foreign slavery. Afterwards the law was changed; creditors could not take debtors into their own custody, but they still had the power to sell them into slavery.

The engraving which we give in this number is a view of Whitecross Street Prison, London, England. In this prison debtors were kept, their creditors having the power to imprison them if they did not pay their debts. On the first Saturday in January, 1870, this practice ceased, the law having been abol-

ished. At noon precisely of that day all the doors of the debtors' prisons throughout Great Britain were thrown open, and the prisoners were at liberty to go free. This engraving is to illustrate this liberation. The London Illustrated Times relates an anecdote connected with this release:—"The keeper had informed ninety-four that they could leave, but thirty-one asked permission to remain in a little longer, and

took their departure in the course of the day. Among the number was an old man named Barnacles, who had been a prisoner twenty-seven years under an order from the Court of Admiralty. The keeper told the old man that he could go, and when he got outside, the poor fellow stared about him and seemed perfectly helpless."

In a country like England, where the people are so numerous, and employment so difficult to obtain, a poor creature like Barnacles would be in a dreadful condition. Twenty-seven years must have made a great change in society, and his friends, if any were alive, would almost have forgotten him. Such a man would be in a condition to be pitied; for in countries where the population is numerous, life is not very valuable,



and suffering is so common that such cases do not receive the attention that they would in countries where distress is seldom seen.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

Chemistry of Common Things.

SMELTING NO 1.

WE often see small bags brought into the city in wagons, the bulk of the mass contained therein, seems disproportionate to the number of horses employed; when we become acquainted with the contents of these bags, this impression will vanish. These little bags are ore sacks, many of the ores contained are such as have been described, sulphides, chlorides, carbonates, &c., they are on their way to the smelting works to be subjected to metallurgical operations, either here or elsewhere.

The first process these ores pass through is to separate the metal from the ore, a process called "smelting," but there are many things to be done to ensure success in so doing. In the handling of ores, it is necessary to "sample" them, that is, to place the right kinds together, and to prepare them by "crushing," an operation that is performed by steam power. Another thing of great importance is to know the different classes of ore that will mutually aid each other in reducing them to the metallic state, a department that requires a knowledge of the chemistry of the ores by practical acquaintance with them.

The mode of reducing ores upon a very large scale is practiced most scientifically and successfully at Swansea, in South Wales, Great Britain. Some of the ores of Utah, that are not payable to reduce here, are shipped there, among others, the copper ores of Tintic may be named. Our smelting operations are chiefly confined to ores of the galena class, and great as the difficulties are to be overcome in a new country like this, in erecting suitable furnaces and obtaining the proper kinds of fuel, many tons of "bullion," as the metal run out is called, are sent away by rail to be still further operated upon. The smelting of our ores is a very strange sight for those unaccustomed to it, and a very instructive one to the thoughtful, a class to which every student of chemistry should belong, for there is much practical information to be obtained by those who notice what is being done. Let us see what is doing. There is one lousy feeding in fuel; look into the fire, taking care not to get in the way of the workmen. See the flames surging along and leaping over a partition that divides the furnace into two parts, and causes the flame to descend on the other side. Notice the form of the roof of the feed furnace, it is so constructed as to beat back the flame, hence it is called "reverberatory." Now pass along and look under the furnace, see the bars imbedded into solid masonry, through those bars the air is rushing to give life to the fire above. There is a lesson, children, respecting oxygen, its might may begin to be guessed at; invisible, but potent, like many other invisible elements. Notice the dust particles in the ash pit, how fine; how well the oxygen has done its work in dissolving the fuel (carbon.) See how clean the ash-pit is kept, so as not to impede the circulation of air, by cutting off the supply. Now see a man removing a clump to see how the inner furnace work progresses. Be careful! Stand at a distance, or you may pay for your curiosity. Now, he is puddling the pasty looking mass, with a long rake. What lovely colors! What intense heat must be there. Oh that we could study out the colors of those flames, the spectra, the ghosts of the elements, departing from the ores of which they formed a part perhaps for ages! Why the glimpse, although

for a moment, is so vivid that the intense yellow peculiar to sodium, the violet of potassium, or potash salts; the rose red, the emerald green, and other magnificent flames seen upon a small scale in the laboratory were at times distinct enough to enable us to know the constituents of the ores they are smelting. Now some bags of ores are being tumbled into the furnace. Sulphur! The flames just now denoted the presence of that element, the smell confirms it. There are other disagreeable odors; garlic is prominent among them, arsenical ores are being operated on! There is a faint smell resembling decaying horse-radish; fumes of selenium, from the seleniates common to our ores. There are other vapors rising that are not thus detected, those arising from lead are without odor, but capable of absorption into the lungs and by the pores of the skin.

We may now again have a peep into the furnace, the man is again stirring up the pasty mass which is less viscid than it was. A yellow mass that does not mix with the fluid on which it floats is sulphur. This is a proof that the sulphuret or sulphide is decomposed, the metal and sulphur have parted company, the lower stratum of fluid matter is metal. Thus far we have seen that chemical means have been resorted to, to effect the separation of the metal from its ores, and much more will have to be said about smelting.

BETH.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

RECOLLECTIONS.

(Concluded.)

PASSING over from the Platte to the Sweetwater, the cattle suffered extremely from the heat, the drought, and the scarcity of feed, being compelled to browse on dry rabbit brush, sage brush, weeds and such feed as they could find, all of which had been well picked over by the preceding companies. Captain ——'s company being one of the last, still keeping along, frequently in sight of, and sometimes camping with President Kimball's company which was very large. One day as they were moving along slowly through the hot sand and dust, the sun pouring down with excessive heat, toward noon one of Widow Smith's best oxen laid down in the yoke, rolled over on to his side, and stiffened out his legs spasmodically, evidently in the throes of death. The unanimous opinion was, that he was poisoned. All the hindmost teams of course stopped, the people coming forward to know what was the matter. In a short time the Captain, who was in advance of the company, perceiving that something was wrong, came to the spot.

Perhaps no one supposed for a moment that the ox would ever recover. The Captain's first words on seeing him, were: "He is dead, there is no use working with him; we'll have to fix up some way to take the Widow along, I told her she would be a burden upon the company."

Meantime Widow Smith had been searching for a bottle of consecrated oil in one of the wagons, and now came forward with it, and asked her brother, Joseph Fielding, and the other brethren, to administer to the ox, thinking the Lord would raise him up. They did so, pouring a portion of oil on the top of his head, between and back of the horns, and all laid hands upon him, and one prayed, administering the ordinance as they would have done to a human being that was sick. Can you guess the result? In a moment he gathered his legs under him, and at the first word arose to his feet, and traveled right off as well as ever. He was not even unyoked from his mate. The Captain, it may well be supposed, now heartily regretted his hasty conclusions and unhappy expressions. They had not gone very far when another and an exactly similar circumstance occurred. This time also it was one of her best oxen, the loss

of either would have effectually crippled one team, as they had no cattle to spare. But the Lord mercifully heard their prayers, and recognized the holy ordinance of anointing and prayer, and the authority of the Priesthood when applied in behalf of even a poor dumb brute! Sincere gratitude from more than one heart in that family, went up unto the Lord that day for His visible interposition in their behalf. At or near a place called Rattlesnake Bend, on the Sweetwater, one of Widow Smith's oxen died of sheer old age, and consequent poverty. He had been comparatively useless for some time, merely carrying his end of the yoke without being of any further service in the team, he was therefore no great loss.

At the last crossing of Sweetwater, Widow Smith was met by James Lawson, with a span of horses and a wagon, from the Valley. This enabled her to unload one wagon, and send it, with the best team, back to Winter Quarters to assist another family the next season, Elder Joel Terry returned with the team. At this place the Captain was very unfortunate, several of his best cattle and a valuable mule laid down and died, supposed to have been caused by eating poisonous weeds. There was no one in the camp who did not feel a lively sympathy for the Captain, he took it to heart very much. He was under the necessity of obtaining help, and Widow Smith was the first to offer it to him, but he refused to accept of it from her hands. Joseph sympathized with him, and would gladly have done anything in his power to aid him; but here again, it is painful to say, he repulsed his sympathy and chilled his heart and feelings more and more by insinuating to others, in his presence, that Widow Smith had poisoned his cattle! Saying, "why should my cattle, and nobody's else, die in this manner? There is more than a chance about this. It was well planned," &c., expressly for his ear. This last thrust was the severing blow. Joseph resolved, some day, to demand satisfaction not only for this, but for every other indignity he had heaped upon his mother.

On the 22nd of September, 1848, Captain ——'s fifty crossed over the "Big Mountain," when they had the first glimpse of Salt Lake Valley. It was a beautiful day. Fleecy clouds hung round over the summits of the highest mountains, casting their shadows down the valley beneath, hightening, by contrast, the golden hue of the sun's rays which fell through the openings upon the dry bunch-grass and sage-bush plains, gilding them with fairy brightness, and making the arid desert to seem like an enchanted spot. Every heart rejoiced, and with lingering fondness, wistfully gazed from the summit of the mountain upon the western side of the valley revealed to view, the goal of their wearisome journey. The ascent from the east was gradual, but long and fatiguing for the teams, it was in the afternoon, therefore, when they reached the top. The descent to the west was far more precipitous and abrupt. They were obliged to rough-lock the hind wheels of the wagons, and, as they were not needed, the forward cattle were turned loose to be driven to the foot of the mountain or to camp, the "wheelers" only being retained on the wagons. Desirous of shortening the next day's journey as much as possible—as that was to bring them into the Valley—they drove on till a late hour in the night, over very rough roads much of the way, and skirted with oak brush and groves of trees. They finally camped near the eastern foot of the "Little Mountain." During this night's drive several of Widow Smith's cows—that had been turned loose from the teams—were lost in the brush. Early next morning John returned on horse-back to hunt for them, their service in the teams being necessary to proceed.

At an earlier hour than usual the Captain gave orders for the company to start,—knowing well the circumstances of the Widow, and that she would be obliged to remain till John returned with the lost cattle—accordingly the company rolled out, leaving her and her family alone.

It was fortunate that Brother James Lawson was with them,

for he knew the road, and, if necessary, could pilot them down the kanyon in the night. Joseph thought of his mother's prediction at Elk Horn, and so did the Captain, and he was determined that he would win this point, although he had lost all the others, and prove her prediction false. "I will beat you to the Valley, and ask no help from you either," rang in Joseph's ears; he could not reconcile these words with possibility, though he knew his mother always told the truth, but how could this come true? Hours, to him, seemed like days as they waited, hour after hour, for John to return. All this time the company was slowly tugging away up the mountain, lifting at the wheels, geeing and hawing, twisting along a few steps, then blocking the wheels for the cattle to rest and take breath, now doubling a team, and now a crowd rushing to stop a wagon, too heavy for the exhausted team, and prevent its rolling backward down the hill, dragging the cattle along with it, while in this condition, to lighten the distress and balk the teams, a cloud—as it were—burst over their heads, sending down the rain in torrents, as it seldom rains in this country, throwing the company into utter confusion. The cattle refused to pull, would not face the beating storm, and to save the wagons from crashing down the mountain, upsetting, &c., they were obliged to unhitch them, and block all the wheels. While the teamsters sought shelter, the storm drove the cattle in every direction through the brush and into the ravines, and into every nook they could find, so that when it subsided it was a day's work to find them, and get them together. Meantime Widow Smith's cattle—except those lost—were tied to the wagons, and were safe. In a few moments after the storm, John brought up those which had been lost, and they hitched up, making as early a start as they usually did in the mornings, rolled up the mountain, passing the company in their confused situation, and feeling that every tie had been sundered that bound them to the Captain, continued on to the Valley, and arrived at "Old Fort," about ten o'clock on the night of the 23rd of September, all well and thankful. The next morning was Sabbath, the whole family went to the bowery to meeting. Presidents Young and Kimball preached. This was the first time that Joseph had ever heard them, to his recollection, in public; and he exclaimed to himself; "these are the men of God, who are gathering the Saints to the Valley." This was a meeting long to be remembered by those present. President Young, spoke as though he felt: "Now, God's people are free," and the way of their deliverance had been wrought out. That evening Captain —— and his company arrived, dusty and weary, too late for the excellent meetings and the day of sweet rest enjoyed by the Widow and her family. Once more, in silver tones, rang through Joseph's ears. "Father ——, I will beat you to the Valley, and will ask no help from you either!"

J. F. S.

A HINT TO GRUMBLERS.—"What a noisy world this is!" croaked an old frog, as he squatted on the margin of the pool. "Do you hear those geese, how they scream and hiss? What do they do it for?"

"Oh, just to amuse themselves," answered a little field mouse.

"Presently we shall have the owls hooting; what is that for?"

"It's the music they like the best," said the mouse.

"And those grasshoppers, they can't go home without grinding and chirping; why do they do that?"

"Oh they're so happy they can't help it," said the mouse.

"You find excuses for all; I believe you don't understand music, so you like the hideous noises."

"Well, friend, to be honest with you," said the mouse, "I don't greatly admire any of them; but they are all sweet in my ears, compared with the constant croaking of a frog."

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1871.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE Methodists have held their Revival meetings, and have broken up and started east with their big tent. They commenced their meetings on Sunday, the 11th, and closed them on Sunday evening, the 18th. The preachers have been very busy all the time, and have done all in their power to make the people acquainted with Methodism. A great many young people have gone and listened to them; but, so far as we know, every one is more satisfied, if possible, with his religion than he was before he heard these men preach. In this respect, their visit will do good; there are hundreds and thousands of our young people who believe the gospel of Jesus as it is taught by his servants, because their fathers and mothers and the Bishops and the Elders and the Twelve and the First Presidency have taught it to them. They are satisfied that it is true; but have not bestowed that thought upon the subject that would be necessary if they were in the midst of opposition.

When a man comes and assails your doctrine and your belief and practices, it makes you think, and you are forced to examine his pretensions and claims. Our people who live in the city have done so in the case of these Methodists, and are satisfied that they "have a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof." They can see now the narrowness of their creed, and the total absence of those saving principles which fill the souls of the Saints with joy and satisfaction. We have heard many say, who were Methodists before they joined the Church, that in listening to these men it seemed to them that they were more in the dark than Methodist preachers were in former days, and that the Methodist church had gone back, and its members are more ignorant in regard to the scriptures than ever. This is sure to be the case with a people who harden their hearts against the truth.

The tent has been crowded every night, and excellent attention has been paid. If the preachers wanted evidence that the Latter-day Saints were the people of God, they certainly have it now, for no other people but the Latter-day Saints, would treat another religious denomination with the fairness with which they have been treated since they came to this city. Our elders when they go abroad, scarcely ever receive any courtesy or kindness from the sects, Methodist preachers, and other preachers, have been the foremost of their persecutors, and have begged the people to keep away from their meetings, and have done all in their power to prevent the people from hearing the truth. But how different the treatment they received from the Saints! President Young advised all to go and hear them, and to treat them with respect and kindness. Some of them have been very abusive and have even told lies; still, they acknowledge that they have been treated with great kindness. We do not know the number of the converts they have made; but we have not heard of a single Latter-day Saint being in the least affected by them. When they came here, it was said they expected to obtain five hundred converts at least. We understand one of their number said that they expected to convert about one-third of the people; but, before they had been here many

days, they saw that they could get no power over the people. Then they said that they were not anxious to make Methodists, or to build up a church here, but they desired to have the people unite upon the work of sanctification and to value God's word. This of course was said to hide their disappointment at not being able to seduce the Saints from the truth.

The devil has tried mobs and violence, cruelty and murder, in the past to destroy the work of God; now, he cannot use these agencies, and he seems desirous of adopting some other plan. The sects are bringing their creeds here, hoping that they will prevail over the people by this means. The devil wants to destroy the Holy Priesthood and its influence, and if he had the power, he would drive it from the midst of man. He will use every means to do this, until the Kingdom and dominion shall be taken from him and given to the Saints. So, children, we may as well prepare ourselves to carry on the warfare; it will not cease until Zion is completely redeemed and Jesus shall come to reign upon the earth.

EDUCATION in Germany is obtained at very cheap rates, and a great many Americans send their children to that land to be educated, not so much because of the cheapness, as on account of the thoroughness with which pupils are educated. Heidelberg is a famous university town in Germany, and students from almost every nation are to be found there. There is probably not a branch of knowledge known among men, aside from true religion, for the pursuit of which instructors cannot be found in Heidelberg. Every language, both ancient and modern, has a master in that place. A Japanese student went there not long ago, who could not speak a word of German, but he had no difficulty on his arrival in finding a teacher able to converse with him and give him lessons through the medium of the Japanese. There is hardly one of its many educated men who is not able to talk two modern languages, at least, in addition to his own. Plenty of them can be found who not only speak French and English with fluency, but write them elegantly. An American or Englishman visiting there, is surprised to hear his own tongue spoken so glibly by almost every shop-girl and waiter. If he asks "Where did you learn it?" the answer is "At school." In traveling on the continent of Europe, we had occasion to remark that every educated man we met was able to converse in other languages besides his own. They pay far more attention to this branch of study among these nations, than they do in England or America.

The study of modern languages should receive more attention among us. In no country in the world are there such opportunities for learning them from natives as we have in Utah Territory, because we have people here from almost every land. It would be a great advantage to our young men who go forth as Elders, to be able to speak at least one language more than their own. The day is not far distant, we hope, when the doors for the preaching of the gospel will be open to many nations who have not yet heard it declared in its fullness. Probably thousands upon thousands of Germans will yet be gathered out from their fatherland. Whenever that day comes, the knowledge of German will be essential. The study of other languages helps a person to understand his own. If a certain portion of each day were set apart for this study, our readers would be surprised at the progress they would make in the course of a year; it would not take long for a person of ordinary capacity to learn to read in German, French, or Scandinavian. It is a delightful way of spending the time and exercising and disciplining the mind. How many of our young people spend their spare hours or moments in perusing trashy newspapers and works of fiction, which might be spent very profitably in the studies of which we speak.

Fear God and honor the Priesthood.

FLIGHT OF FRENCH INTO PARIS.

IN our last number we had something to say about the expulsion from the French metropolis of all parties unable, or who could not be compelled, to take part in its defence during the late siege by the Prussians. This week we wish to call the attention of our readers to another phase in the history of Paris during the war between France and Prussia.

From the commencement of hostilities, the eyes of the Prussian military leaders were turned towards Paris, one great aim with them being to humiliate France, by dictating terms of peace in the capital of the empire, under the Emperor Napoleon III., as the Emperor Napoleon I. humiliated Prussia, by dictating terms of peace in Berlin,—their capital, some sixty years before.

The idea of Paris falling into the hands of the Prussians seemed, at the commencement of the war, so ridiculous to the French, that they went so far as to set the time when their victorious legions would again enter Berlin. But events showed that their calculations were altogether erroneous, for except at the battle of Saarbrücken, the opening contest of the war, the Prussians were invariably the conquerors, each victory landing them nearer to the French capital.

The horrors of war, however truthfully and forcibly a written description may be, can never be realized by a mere perusal; hence it is impossible for the readers of the *Juvenile Instructor* to imagine the distress, suffering and death caused to the people living in districts of country through which a besieging and victorious army is passing. The Prussians, numbering hundreds of thousands, flushed with victory and inspired with hate to the French, paid little or no respect to the lives, rights or property of the people who were peacefully following their usual avocations and residing in the districts in which their line of march lay from Saarbrücken to Paris; the consequence was that a great many lives were needlessly sacrificed, and cruelties, wrongs and outrages innumerable were committed by the soldiers of the Prussian army. Whole villages were often consumed, and the people were thus deprived in a few hours of the fruits of years of industry, and rendered homeless and reduced to the greatest destitution.

As the conquerors neared Paris, the people living in the small towns and villages surrounding that great city removed all they possessed, or as much as they possibly could, and sought refuge within its walls. The engraving this week is an attempt to represent their flight before the Prussians into the capital. Vehicles of every description that could be found, were used for this purpose, and the people by thousands, rich and poor, panic-stricken, sought refuge within the fortifications of their beautiful capital.

The mere perusal of a cursory sketch of the rush of thousands of people into the city of Paris fails to convey any idea of the inconvenience and suffering such an event gives rise to; to do this one must be an eyewitness. If all who were compelled to do this had been rich, it would have been bad enough; but in this case few were rich, and for hundreds and thousands of people with nothing to depend upon but their daily labor, to be compelled to leave their homes in a hurry, and to seek safety in Paris, where all was confusion, the various trades nearly at a stand still, and provisions running up in price, it is easy to imagine that many must suffer very badly for the commonest necessities of life.

If, under these circumstances, all had been grown people they might have roughed it through; but there were many, very many children, with parents so poor as to be unable to procure them bread enough to eat. Now let the readers of the *Juvenile Instructor* fancy, if they can, what a terrible predicament they would be in if an invading army of rough, merciless soldiers were to come to the towns and villages in which they live and burn or otherwise destroy their houses and take away every particle of food and money they could lay their hands on, and drive them and their parents, like so many frightened sheep, to find shelter and food where and how they could, or die, and they may form some idea of the terrible position in which very many poor men,



women and children were placed when driven into Paris by the soldiers of King William of Prussia. If they picture the worst possible position of this kind in their own minds they will not fall very far short of the experience of hundreds and thousands of the juveniles of France within the last nine or ten months. Distress and suffering, incalculable in amount, have been caused; homes have been broken up and very many persons, old and young, who took no part in the fighting have been compelled to endure starvation and death during the recent conflict between France and Prussia.

These are among the horrors of war wherever it occurs; and so long as the nations fight with each other so long may we expect to hear of a repetition of such scenes of misery and wretchedness.

Oh children, you do not know how much cause you have for gratitude and thankfulness! In your peaceful homes here in the valleys of Utah you are far removed from scenes of turmoil you pass your lives in tranquility none daring to molest or make you afraid; and what is even of greater importance, you are uncontaminated to a very great extent by the vices and sins of the wicked world and, under the guidance and teachings of the Priesthood, which will make you wise unto salvation. Truly your lives have fallen in pleasant places and you have a goodly heritage!

LET OUT OF DANGER.

(Concluded.)

"Heydey!" cried the boy "what's this? Oh, how it tears my hands! Oh, this thornbush! Oh! my arm! I can't get free!" He struggles and pants, "All this comes of leaving the path," he says; "I should'nt have cared for the rolling down if it hadn't been for this bush. The fern was soft enough, I'll never stray away in the wood at night again. There, free at last! And my jacket nearly torn of my back!"

With a good deal of patience, and a great many scratches, he gets free of the thorn which had arrested his progress when his feet were within a yard of the water, manages to scramble to the bank, and makes the best of his way through the wood.

And now, as the clouds move slowly onward, the moon shows her face on the black surface of the water, and the little white owl comes and hoots, and flutters over it like a wandering snow-drift. But the boy is in the wood again, and knows nothing of the danger from which he has escaped. All this time the dark passenger follows the main track, and believes that the boy is before him. At last he hears a crashing of dead boughs, and presently the little midshipman's voice fifty yards before him. Yes, it is too true; the boy is on the cross track. He will pass the cottage in the wood directly, and after that his pursuer will come upon him.

The boy bounds along the path; but he sees the cottage, he is thirsty and so hot, that he thinks he must ask the inhabitants if they can sell him a glass of ale.

He enters without ceremony. "Ale?" says the woodman, who is sitting at his supper. "No, we have no ale; but perhaps my wife can give thee a drink of milk. Come in." So he comes in and shuts the door, and while he sits waiting for the milk footsteps pass. They are the footsteps of his pursuer, who goes on with the stake in his hand, angry and impatient that he has not yet come up with him.

The woman goes to the dairy for milk, and the boy thinks she is gone a long time. He drinks it, thanks her and takes his leave.

Fast and faster the man runs before him.

It is very dark, but there is a yellow streak in the sky where the moon is plowing up a furrowed mass of gray clouds, and one or two stars are blinking through the branches of the trees.

Fast the boy follows, and fast the man runs on, with his weapon in his hand. Suddenly he hears the joyous whoop—not before, but behind him. He stops and listens noiselessly. Yes, it is so. He pushes himself into the thicket, and raises his stake, when the boy shall pass.

On he comes, running lightly, with his hands in his pockets. A sound strikes at the same instant the ears of both, and the boy turns back from the very jaws of death to listen. It is the sound of wheels, and it draws rapidly nearer. A man comes up driving a gig.

"Hilloa!" he says, in a loud, cheerful voice.

"What, benighted, youngster!"

"Oh, is it you, Mr. D——?" says the boy; "no, I am not benighted; or, at any rate, I know my way out of the woods."

The man drew back among the shrubs.

"Why, bless the boy," he hears the farmer say, "to think of our meeting in this way! The parson told me he was in hopes of seeing thee some day this week. I'll give thee a lift. This is a lone place to be in this time of night."

"Lone," says the boy laughing; "I don't mind that; and if you know the way, it as safe as a quarter-deck."

So he gets into the farmer's gig, and once more is out of the reach of the pursuer. But the man knows that the farmer's house is a quarter of a mile nearer than the parsonage, and in that quarter of a mile there is still a chance of committing rob-

bery. He determined still to make the attempt, and cut across the woods with such rapid strides that he reaches the farmer's gate just as the gig drives up to it.

"Well, thank you, farmer," says the midshipman, as he prepares to get down.

"I wish you good night, gentlemen," says the man, when he passes.

"Good night, friend," the farmer replies.

"I say, my boy, it's a dark night enough; but I have a mind to drive you on to the parsonage, and hear the rest of this tale of yours about the sea serpent."

The little wheels go on again. They pass the man, and he stands still in the road to listen till the sound dies away. Then he flings his stake into the hedge and goes back again. His evil purposes have all been frustrated—the thoughtless boy had baffled him at every step.

And now the little midshipman is at home; the joyful meeting has taken place; and when they have all admired his growth, and decided whom he is like, and measured his height on the window-frame, and seen him eat his supper, they begin to question him about his adventures, more for the pleasure of hearing him talk than any curiosity.

"Adventures," said the boy, seated between father and mother on a sofa. "Why, ma, I did write you an account of the voyage, and there's nothing else to tell. Nothing happened to-day—or at least nothing particular."

"You came by the coach we told you of?" asked his father.

"Oh, yes, papa! and when we got about twenty miles, there came up a beggar while we were changing horses, and I threw down (as I thought) a shilling, but as it fell I saw it was a sovereign. She was very honest, and showed me what it was; but I didn't take it back; for you know, mamma, it is a very long time since I gave anything to anybody."

"Very true, my boy," his mother answered; "but you should not be careless with your money, and few beggars are worthy objects of charity."

"I suppose you got down at the cross-roads?" said his elder brother.

"Yes and went through the woods. I should have been here sooner if I hadn't lost my way there."

"Lost your way!" said his mother, alarmed; "my dear boy, you should not have left the path at dusk."

"Oh, ma!" said the little midshipman, with a smile, "you're always thinking we are in danger. If you could see me sometimes sitting at the jib-boom end, or across the main-topmast crosstree, you would be frightened. But what danger can there be in a wood?"

"Well, my boy," she answered, "I don't wish to be over anxious, and make my children uncomfortable by my fears. What did you stray away from the path for?"

"Only to catch a little owl, mamma; but I didn't catch her at all. I got a roll down a bank, and caught my jacket against a thorn-bush, which was rather unlucky. Ah! three large holes, I see, in my sleeve. And so I scrambled up again and got into the right path, and asked at the cottage for some beer. What a long time the woman kept me, to be sure. I thought it never would come. But very soon after Mr. D—— drove up in his gig, and brought me on to the gate."

"And so this account of your adventures being brought to a close," his father says, "we discover there are no adventures to tell."

"No, papa, nothing happened—nothing particular, I mean."

Nothing particular. If they could have known, they would have thought lightly in comparison of the dangers of the jib-boom's end and the maintopmast crosstrees. But they do not know, any more than we do of the dangers that hourly beset us. Some few dangers we are aware of, and we do what we can to provide against them; but for the greater portion our eyes behold that we cannot see. We walk secretly under His guid-

ance, without whom "not a sparrow falleth to the ground;" and when we have had escapes that the angels have admired at, we come home and say, perhaps, that nothing has happened—at least, nothing particular.

It is not well that our minds should be much exercised at these hidden dangers, since they are so, and so great that no human art or foresight can prevent them. But it is very well that we should reflect constantly on that loving Providence which watches every footstep of a track always balancing between time and eternity. Without such trust, how can we rest or be at peace? But with it we may say with the Psalmist: "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued.)

DURING the winter after his return from this mission, President Young was busily engaged in assisting the Prophet Joseph in the various labors, which devolved upon him. He and Brothers Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards, had received their endowments previous to this mission. In the course of the winter he assisted in giving endowments to the other brethren of the Twelve, and several other elders. This was an important season. Joseph, impressed by the spirit of the Lord to push the work ahead as fast as possible, was full of revelation and instruction, imparting a knowledge of new principles to the elders, which were of great importance to them and to the world. William and Wilson Law, the former a member of the First Presidency, William Marks the president of the stake, and other elders, manifested a strong spirit of apostasy. They directed their shafts against Joseph, and it seemed, because of the power which was being manifested through the endowments, as though the devil and all his servants were stirred up with ten-fold violence to persecute the Saints and to endeavor to take the life of the Prophet of God. During this trying season, President Young was a great help and comfort to the Prophet. It was a time to call forth the energies and to exhibit the integrity of a man like him. During the winter, Joseph offered himself as a candidate for President of the United States. He published his "Views of the Powers and Policy of the Government of the United States," and at the April Conference, 1844, three hundred and forty four elders volunteered to go on missions to preach the gospel and circulate the "Views" among the people. These Elders were to labor under the direction of the Twelve Apostles. On the 21st of May, Brother Brigham started, in company with Elders Heber C. Kimball and Lyman Wight, on this mission. He and the other elders were very diligent in circulating a knowledge of Joseph's "Views." The 27th of June, the day of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum, he spent in Boston with Brother Woodruff, who accompanied him to the railroad station, as he was about to take the cars for Salem. In the evening, while waiting in the depot, he felt a strange feeling of melancholy so that he could not converse with any degree of pleasure. Not knowing anything concerning the tragedy enacted at that time at Carthage Jail, he could not assign any reason for his peculiar feelings.

In those days there were no telegraph lines; and but few railroads, to carry intelligence; it, consequently, took a long time for news to travel from Nauvoo to the East. It was not until the 16th of July that President Young heard concerning the martyrdom of the Prophet and Patriarch from a source upon which he could rely. He was at the house of one of the brethren in Peterboro, New Hampshire, when a letter was read which one of the brethren had received from a resident of

Nauvoo, giving the particulars of the murder of Joseph and Hyrum. The first thing which President Young thought of when he heard the news, was whether Joseph had taken the keys of the kingdom with him from the earth. Brother Orson Pratt sat by his side at the time. They were both leaning back on their chairs. Bringing his hand down upon his knee, President Young said, "The keys of the Kingdom are all here with the Church." The same day he received a letter from Brother Woodruff, confirming the news of the death of the Prophet and Patriarch; and he started for Boston where he met Brothers Kimball and Woodruff. They had to wait about a week for the arrival of Lyman Wight. They started from Boston on the 24th of July, and arrived at Nauvoo on the 6th day of August. The joy that was felt by the Saints upon their arrival was indescribable.

(To be continued.)

BRAVE DEEDS.

SOLDIERS place great value upon their flags, or standards, which they carry with them into battle. When ships are fighting, and one of them is conquered, the flag is lowered in token of surrender; so also with a post or city. To strike one's flag, is to give up the fight, and to acknowledge that one is beaten. One of the most daring instances of valor, which occurred during the war of the Revolution, was a feat of Sergeant William Jasper, of South Carolina, in replacing a flag that had been shot down. The British fleet had designs on the city of Charleston. Colonel Moultrie, a South Carolina patriot, was commanded to erect a fort on Sullivan Island to defend the harbor. It was built of palmetto logs. This timber is very spongy and porous, and a bullet or cannon ball on entering it makes no extended fracture, it merely buries itself in it. Sir Peter Parker was the British commodore, and he attacked this fort with his fleet. The fight was a very furious one; but Moultrie was determined to maintain his position or die in the attempt. Never had the British met with such resistance. The decks of their ships were swept with the iron storm from the fort. It is said that at one time during the action, the quarter-deck of the commodore's vessel was cleared of every person but himself; every officer was either killed or wounded. The loss on board the ships was frightful; two hundred and twenty-five being killed and wounded. Only ten were killed and twenty-two wounded in the fort. The Commodore's ship alone had not less than seventy balls put through her. After the battle, the Americans picked up, in and around the fort, twelve hundred shot of different calibre, and a great number of thirteen inch shells that were fired at them. During the action the flag of South Carolina fell outside of the fort upon the beach, the flagstaff having been cut away by a ball from a British ship. Sergeant William Jasper leaped the parapet, walked the length of the fort, picked up the flag, fastened it upon the staff, in the midst of the iron hail pouring upon the fortress, and in sight of the whole fleet, he fixed the flag firmly upon the bastion. Three cheers greeted him as he ascended the parapet and leaped unhurt within the fort. The day after the battle, the governor of the State, John Rutledge, visited the fort, and presented Jasper with a sword, and thanked him in the name of his country. He offered him a lieutenant's commission; but the young hero, not being able to read or write, modestly refused it.

Afterwards at the siege of Savannah, Sergeant Jasper displayed the same anxiety to secure the colors of his regiment, but not with such fortunate results. The colors had been presented to the regiment three days after the battle at Fort Sullivan, afterwards called Fort Moultrie. In assailing one of the redoubts of Savannah in the midst of a destructive fire, two lieutenants of the regiment succeeded in planting the colors on

the parapet. They fell mortally wounded, leaving their colors fluttering in the breeze. Another lieutenant seeing them fall sprang to the standards, and kept them erect, when he too was prostrated with a bullet. At this Sergeant Jasper sprang forward, secured the colors and had just fastened them upon the parapet, when a rifle ball pierced him, and he fell into the ditch. He was carried to the camp, and soon afterwards expired.

This Sergeant Jasper was one of the bravest of the brave. After his exploits at Fort Moultrie, his commander, General Moultrie, gave him a sort of a roving commission, with the privilege to select from his corps such men as he pleased to accompany him in his enterprises. He was very certain that he would employ himself usefully. Jasper was not only a brave man, but he was also a humane one, and while he was active in the cause of his country, he never injured an enemy unnecessarily. On one of his excursions all the sympathies of his heart were aroused by the distress of a Mrs. Jones, whose husband, an American by birth, was confined in irons for deserting the cause of the king, after taking the royal protection. She felt certain that he would be hanged, for he was to be taken to Savannah the next morning. Jasper and his only companion (a Sergeant Newton) set out to rescue Jones and his fellow-prisoners. There was a spring which the prisoners and their guard would have to pass on the road. Concealing themselves in the thick bushes near the spring, they awaited the approach of the eight guards and their prisoners. As expected, the guard halted to drink; two of them remained with the prisoners, while the other six, leaning their guns against a tree, went to the spring. Jasper and his companion leaped from their concealment, seized two of the guns, shot the two sentinels, and took possession of the rest of the muskets. The guards, having lost their arms, were powerless, and surrendered. The irons were knocked off the wrists of the prisoners, and muskets were placed in their hands; but the six guards were taken to the American camp as prisoners of war. Jones was restored to his wife, child and country.

This bold exploit has been the theme of history and song. One of the beautiful squares of the city of Savannah was called Jasper Square by the people; the spring also where this occurrence took place is known as Jasper Spring.

A TRUE LADY.—I was once walking a short distance behind a very handsomely dressed young girl, and thinking as I looked at her beautiful clothes, "I wonder if she takes half as much pains with her heart as she does with her body?"

A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and just before he reached us, he made two attempts to go into the yard of a small house; but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get through.

"Wait," said the young girl, springing lightly forward, "I'll hold the gate open." And she held the gate until he passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she went on.

"She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast."

"Now, my boy," said the committee-man, "if I had a mince pie, and should give two-twelfths of it to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Harry, and should take half the pie myself, what would there be left? Speak up loud, loud, so that all can hear." "The plate," shouted the boy.

"Sam," said one little urchin to another, "does your school-master ever give you any rewards of merit?" "I s'pose he does," was the reply; "he gives me a thrashing every day, and says I merit two."

Selected Poetry.

BIDDY'S COMPLAINT.

Cut-ent ea daek-et!
I'll make a racket;
For now I must know
Why I am used so.
For day after day,
When I am away,
Some heartless young thief
Thus brings me to grief.
I'm Dominick Hen,
And always have been.
I am not one that begs,
But lay my own eggs,
In a snug little nest,
Away from the rest.
Now who has a right,
When I'm out of sight,
To thus steal away
My eggs every day?
I'm willing to scratch
For chickens I hatch—
So this is no trick
To play Dominick.
'Tis some little lad
Whose heart must be bad;
Or some little Miss
That's guilty of this.
I'll wager my legs
That my precious eggs
Are taken to make
Some dainty sweetcake;
Or else they are sold
To some grocer bold.
It's a sin and a shame
To thus lose a name.
If this is my luck,
I never shall chuck
For my brood of chicks—
The dear Dominicks.
Cut-ent ea daek-et!
Hear'yon this racket?
A poor hen would know
Why she is used so.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

The leaflets of the forest,
The violets of the sod,
And the birds that tune their raptures
Unto the ear of God.

And the summer wind that bringeth
The music of the sea,
Have each a voice that singeth
This song of songs to me:—

This world is full of beauty
As other worlds above;
Then let us do our duty,
And make it full of love.

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